

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

Mr. Easy,

YOU observe that “your doors always stand widely opened for the reception of advice touching the welfare of the ladies;” in consequence of which, I herewith send you a letter to a young lady which I hope will meet your approbation, and of course, find a place in a paper which truly deserves every encomium from the enlightened and the learned.

I am happy to find that the number of your correspondents has increased, and sincerely with you, wish that it “may prove the revival of labour in the literary vineyard.” I have too often regretted, that so few, among so great a number of the learned and scientific of this flourishing city, have devoted so small a portion of their leisure hours to the Companion: As it must be from such a work as this that vice is to be suppressed and virtue encouraged.

PHILANDER.

TO MISS E——.

Dear Eliza,

As the time is fast approaching when you are to encounter many difficulties incident to human life, I hope you will receive the advice of a sincere friend who has learned something of the customs and manners of mankind from authors, but more from his own observation. In directing the following letter to you, I do not wish you to approve or disapprove of the remarks therein contained too hastily; but beg that you may, after an attentive perusal, give them every consideration which their importance demands.

It is a circumstance ever to be lamented by all those who are truly interested for the welfare of the female sex,

that a proper plan for their education has not been adopted in this country; and while I am supposing that you are labouring under the serious disadvantages to which all your sex is subjected from the want of a proper organization of schools, I wish you to recollect, that great amends may be made, from an early attention to the precepts of your parents and friends, and from studying those authors who treat of subjects which are calculated to inspire your mind with sentiments noble, dignified, and virtuous. From your age I think it very probable that observation has done little for you; and from that supposition, I take it upon myself (as one who feels greatly interested for your happiness) to apprise you of some of the difficulties that you may expect to meet with in passing over the thorny path of life.

You have now nearly arrived at that period of your life, when the manner in which you conduct yourself will be of the greatest importance to you; therefore, I would advise you to be very circumspect in your manners and deportment, and act with great caution and deliberation in all cases where much is depending. Reflection upon all subjects will strengthen your judgment, and when you get into the habit of weighing every thing in your mind before you act, or form an opinion, you will find that it is as easily done, as to act from the impulse of the moment. Many untoward circumstances which no human foresight can predict, will occur, and render the opinions which you had given erroneous; but by a strict adherence to the above rule, you will find that you will be correct in as many instances as the fallibility of human nature will admit of.

As you have heretofore seen little of the world, you could not have made any observations on the customs, habits, and manners of mankind; but as you advance in life, you will discover the weakness and imperfection of human nature, and regret that depravity and corruption have so frequently supplanted virtue in the minds of men.

While some, in open violation of all those moral duties which ought to bind them to their God and to society, will be endeavouring from envy to defame the fairest characters; others will be acting the hypocrite under the garb of sincerity, in order to discover a weakness, that they may the more effectually stab a reputation which ought ever to be equally dear to you as life. That you may never be affected by the evil designs of either of those characters, it will be highly necessary for you to adopt a certain plan of action in this life, founded upon piety, morality, and virtue. Those principles will be sufficient to repel the attacks of your severest enemies; and while they are attempting to discover to the baser part of mankind your imperfections, they will add new luster to your worth in the eyes of all those whose good opinions it ought ever to be your ambition to deserve. No manners that you can adopt, which I know of, will render you secure against the calumny and obloquy of the malevolent. It is impossible to please all mankind from any mode of conduct; because from different tendencies, each one has different ideas, of that which constitutes propriety: therefore I would advise you to make it your earliest care and solicitude, to obtain the good will of the more respectable class, always recollecting that the vulgar can never benefit you.

In your progress through life, you will meet with many temptations, which there will be some difficulty in resisting; but in order to guard you against those snares into which too many have fallen, I would strongly advise you to be very cautious in selecting your companions, as nothing tends so effectually to unhinge the mind and render it unfit for the attainment of any thing virtuous, as bad society. At this time of life you cannot be qualified to judge for yourself, and of course, you do not know in what society you would be benefited. In all such cases you are to be directed entirely by your parents; to whose authority and superior judgment you must always submit, except in one case hereafter to be mentioned. It is too common in these days for young ladies, as soon as they arrive at the age of sixteen, to adopt the customs and manners which are the most prevalent, let them be good or bad. This arises wholly from the manner in which they have received their education, and from the ideas which have been instilled into their minds by evil companions. As you can never expect to receive much beside reading, writing, and arithmetic, &c. from schools, while they are continued on their present plan, you must begin early to pay a more particular attention to the advice of your parents and friends, whose constant duty it is, to guard the young

and inexperienced against those allurements & temptations, which have decoyed so many from the paths of rectitude and propriety. Levity in youth, as it respects some things, is certainly excusable; but as you advance in life, you will find both from the opinions of the serious, the grave, and the learned, as well as from your own experience, that it will be highly necessary for you to dispense with those frivolous manners, which too generally characterize the younger part of your sex, in order to make yourselves beloved by the pious, the virtuous, and the good. From adopting the gay, the easy, and the trifling manners of the present day, you have but little to expect. It is certainly the best method of attracting the attention of men whom you ought to despise, and of preventing those from approaching you in whose society you would receive that kind of instruction, which would be a lasting benefit to you throughout the whole of your progress from maturity to the grave.

In your commerce with the world, you will meet with a variety of characters, from the man of real merit and virtue, down to the contemptible sycophant. You may esteem him your friend and well wisher who points out your faults as well as your virtues; but I charge you of all things to beware of him, who is constantly telling you of the good properties which are impossible for human nature to possess, and which you know yourself you cannot attain. Look upon him as a flatterer,—a man who possesses a weak mind, but one who supposes you possess a mind still weaker. It would be paying a mean compliment to your understanding, for any one to tell you, that you were in possession of properties that are incompatible with human nature, and which alone are attributable to beings of a superior order.

He must certainly be a fool, who would attempt it, and you still more weak to suffer it. I know it is customary for young ladies to be more pleased with him who flatters than with the man of worth and understanding who never attempts it. But this arises entirely from the manner in which they have been educated;—it being insufficient to qualify them to judge for themselves; and although you are labouring under the same disadvantages to which the sex is subjected, still I sincerely hope that your mind will be early opened to receive the advice of your parents and friends, and that you will have immediate recourse to the instructions laid down by judicious writers, in order to know how to appreciate the virtues of men of merit and to pity the weakness of coxcombs and fops. It is from the encouragement which the latter description of animals meet with from the ladies, that their number

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daily increase; and it is from the preference which young ladies too generally give to their society, that they have it so completely in their power to exult in triumph over talents and worth. I have known many amiable young men, whose merits and abilities had obtained them a seat in the most respectable society, after having made every exertion to please the ladies, to have been compelled to bear the mortification of seeing themselves supplanted by others, whose actions were more like those of a monkey than a rational creature. (To be continued.)

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Mr. Easy,

The subject of love, perhaps of all others, is a theme that affords most entertainment to the greater part of your juvenile readers; and I think you act not an injudicious part by sometimes gratifying them a little in that way. With a view to contribute *my* mite, in a small degree for their amusement, I sent you my former essay: Without any intention whatever, of throwing aspersions on the fair sex, for such conduct, would be very foreign to my nature, and would likewise, be what very few of them deserve. It would indeed, be egregiously erroneous to rail at that female excellence of which our city affords so many brilliant examples.

Your observations on said essay, I shall pass over in silence, attributing them to nothing else, but your strict watchfulness for the ladies, and that zeal which you have hitherto so conspicuously manifested for their credit.

In compliance with the request of "A number of young Ladies," I again hazard a few observations. But let me first premise, that with respect to their "conjectures" concerning my state of life, I don't intend to give them any information; no farther than to observe, that I believe, not one of their "party" knew any thing of me. I assure you, Mr. Easy, I was not a little elated on finding myself called on by the ladies, for "advice" on such an important affair as that of love. Not considering the difficulty of the task I was about to encounter, I felt inspired with the thoughts of writing an essay on the subject, which would gain me immortal reputation amongst them. Strongly impressed with these ideas, I sat down, in order to render them all the service in my power, and of course, began to think very seriously on the subject. I figured in my mind a young lady deeply in love—examined the disease in all its different stages—marked its rise, progress, extinction, and the final dissolution of soul and body which it sometimes causes—observed the hopes, fears, pulsations, and all the agitating tortures which this disease is apt to produce in the human system. I exerted all my

skill in the *Materia Medica* (which by the bye is very limited) in order to find an appropriate antidote for this dreadful malady. But alas! could think of none, worthy of prescribing. I know that a patient afflicted with the pains of the body, is willing to take the most bitter draught, and undergo the most painful operations of the surgeon; if prescribed as essential to recovery. From this consideration it was, that I advised gentlemen in love to apply such a violent remedy—namely, that coercive restraint, of hiding the violence of their passion, supposing they would be equally solicitous for the relief of the pains of mind as of those of the body. But such prescriptions I could not think of offering to ladies; fearing they might prove too powerful for the female constitution, and might, if put in practice, have a worse tendency than to let the disorder have its natural course. Neither did I think it prudent to recommend a female patient to reveal her passion; for such conduct, I considered, on account of being so unfashionable, would have but little chance of success. One expedient, however, presented itself to me which, if I could put in practice, promised fair for success. That is, I thought if I had a personal acquaintance with the gentleman who might be the object of a patient's desire; as also of the patient, I would make every enquiry into the lady's perfections (imperfections I would not ask a syllable about) and would represent them in the most glowing colours to the gentleman. Indeed if her case seemed dangerous, I would not hesitate, to exaggerate her accomplishments, in order to make them work more forcibly on his imagination. In fine, if a union appeared essential to the happiness of both, I would strain every nerve to make him in love with her, and if I could succeed in accomplishing this point, I could with safety perform a perfect cure on both sides. For I would then refer the gentleman to the address pointed out in my former essay, and would myself become responsible to him for success. The impracticability of putting this most likely remedy into execution renders it likewise of no service. After ransacking all the powers of my mind in search of "valuable prescriptions," I was at length obliged to quit the subject and leave it in that perplexing maze in which I found it; and am now forced to acknowledge my utter inability of rendering any service to "Ladies in love." I hope, however, and humbly request for their sake, that some abler pen may take up the subject and point out efficient "rules and regulations for the guidance of the dear creatures."

The "Number of young Ladies," at whose request I now write, I have every reason to believe from the manner in which they express themselves, are not yet *in love*.



To convince them therefore that I have their welfare at heart I shall begin to be more serious, and shall make bold to write a short

ADVICE TO LADIES NOT IN LOVE.

Ye fair ones, who have still preserved unspotted the white robe of innocence, I earnestly entreat, as you value character, health and peace of mind, weigh well the first emotions of a passion, which if prematurely cherished may be the mean of rendering the remainder of your lives miserable.

First consider seriously that the female character is very easily sullied, and that if a woman should swerve from the strictest path of rectitude,

" Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,  
 " And *one* false step forever blasts her fame.  
 " In vain, with tears, the loss she may deplore,  
 " In vain look back to what she was before ;  
 " She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

The impropriety of a woman falling in love with a man from whom she has no declaration of attachment, is so evidently obvious that very little caution on that point is necessary.

A lady may imagine a man, from appearance, calculated in every respect to suit her as a husband ; and by too freely harbouring such an opinion may imperceptibly become so enamoured as to be forced to use every mean in her power to give him to understand the love she bears for him : Not considering the very great risk she runs in so doing, and the many just reasons the man may have to reject her smiles. His circumstances, though apparently good, may by no means justify his entering into the marriage state. He may be secretly attached to some other fair one, from whom he cannot think of parting. He may be a person fond of triumphing over female weakness, and encourage her smiles merely for his sport. Her sincere attachment he may impute to levity in her sex.— Amongst his associates he may not hesitate to boast of the conquest he has made, and probably may be the mean of stamping an indelible stigma on her character. It may be objected that no heart can be callous enough to resist the fascinating allurements of female smiles. This I grant is not easily done, and it might be just and rational for some that are so highly favoured to embrace the happy moment. Still it must be observed that a sensible man who has not sufficient means for the support of a family nor any prospect of acquiring them, will not enter into a state of life wherein poverty and misery are most likely to be his lot. Philosophers have asserted that adult persons who have sufficient fortune to support a family in

the sphere of life in which they live, and who are endued with sense enough to form minds, owe it as a duty to society to marry. To this I assent without hesitation, and think if such persons could be properly distinguished it would be right for the legislature to tax them pretty heavily, until they would embrace that state for which they were designed, as such a law might serve in some measure to do away that " great spirit of celibacy" so much complained of. But I presume to assert, that persons possessed of none of these requisites would do " better," both as it respects themselves and society, not to marry. To prove the propriety of this assertion many examples might be adduced ; suffice it to mention the wretchedness to which the offspring of such persons are commonly doomed. Incapable themselves " to pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind," and without means to devolve the task upon others, the infant mind, like an uncultivated garden, becomes the nursery of noxious weeds, which, when grown to maturity, scatter their baleful seeds about at every blast.

Secondly, consider that the health may be irrecoverably impaired by the passion of love. The particular manner by which the mind affects the body will, perhaps ever remain a secret ; yet certain it is, that any thing permitted to prey too heavily on the former, will in time, so enervate the body as to baffle the skill of the most learned physician to restore it to its former vigour : And may perhaps be the occasion of making her, who would permit herself to be so infatuated, to sink untimely into the shades of death.

Lastly, ye fair daughters, consider that, should your love not be of so violent a nature as to endanger your life and you should fortunately recover ; yet nevertheless, reflection on your imprudence may deprive you of that peace of mind which constitutes the chief part of our happiness here below. The agonizing idea of being slighted by a man whom you so passionately loved will perhaps serve as a secret monitor which may often torment you ; and he, though perhaps without any fault of his, will probably become the object of your hatred.

Having pointed out some of the evil effects which might be the result of ladies falling in love, it now remains necessary to say a little on the manner in which they should act so as to render themselves amiable and attractive. The following passage from a much admired work is, I think, very applicable to the subject, and cannot be too often inculcated on the female mind.

" Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast ?

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"Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind and modesty on her cheek. Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad. She is cloathed with neatness; she is fed with temperance, humility and meekness are as a crown of glory circling her head. On her tongue dwelleth music: the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips. Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth. Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life, and peace and happiness are her reward. Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand. Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion, with a sceptre, sitteth on her brow. The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent. When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbour is tossed from tongue to tongue; if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip. Her breast is the mansion of goodness, and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others. Happy were the man that should make her his wife, happy the child that shall call her mother!"

Imitate then, ye fair ones, the above example, and adhere strictly to the injunctions of *religion*, and you will not pass unnoticed; but will certainly attract the attention of good men. When a man in the sincerity of his heart requests your hand, be your hopes ever so sanguine, be not too precipitant; but treat the matter with that cool deliberation which the importance of it requires: for such conduct will not only serve to accelerate his desire, but also will convince him you are worthy of his confidence.

P. W.

*The Honey-Moon, all joy and pleasure brings,  
Celestial happiness!—so poet sings;  
One constant round of pleasure—no alloy;  
The free-will offering of the smiling boy;  
Too soon alas! when thirty days are o'er,  
The glittering gold assumes its natural ore.  
From small contentions to dread war's alarms,  
The loving couple are both up in arms.*

Dear Mr. Easy,

A small respite from the cares of my family, and the constant brutality of an "honey-moon" husband, furnish me with an opportunity of laying my deplorable situation before you, and beseeching your advice how I may in future conduct myself towards a husband who now, regardless of all former promises and oaths, treats me more like a *slave* (which I literally am) than his *wife*?

My early life was happy; and though we were not opulent, yet want was not known in our mansion, and my

fond parents beheld me with pleasure, and looked forward to that time when I should by my alliance add additional happiness and honour to our family. My father from a small beginning with industry and œconomy in this flourishing city, rose to wealth and opulence, and our pride grew with our consequence. They forgot in what situation they formerly were, and I seemed to have no remembrance of it. I gave myself airs—and refused many good offers; thinking that when I chose I might have whom I pleased. FORTUNE herself was not more fickle, than I, as the sequel of my story will convince you. At an unfortunate moment she turned the wheel in a different direction to what my father intended she should, and suddenly threw us over the heights of affluence into the vale of indigence! By this misfortune we were placed in our former situation—and as instantaneous as our loss, did I experience that of my *lovers*. This I thought doubly severe, as I now experienced not only the flight of lovers and fortune, but beauty and youth had likewise decamped, and I now for the first time, remembered I was an *old maid*.

But you cannot think I wanted *spirit*; and I was *determined* to obviate this (as I then thought) obloquy on our sex, and listened to the proposal of my present husband, who was clerk to my father (for you must know that my father still did a little business) and one whose ignorance and stupidity I often used to laugh at—yet I was *determined* at all hazards, to let the world see I *could* marry. The silly soul was not possessed of more than one hundred dollars before hand, and thought it sufficient honor to run off with his master's daughter: the rest was left to *chance*. We had barely enough to support us the first month, which time with us (as is the case with many others) passed merrily away: but since—O dear sir!—I cannot describe to you the difficulties I have undergone! neglected by our parents, and obliged to live on the poor allowance of a clerkship, which has to support my husband, self, and child, we are really next door to starvation, and without a prospect of bettering our situation; added to this (as frequently is the case) my former acquaintance no longer know me, and my husband has taken to his early habits of inebriation and low company; we now often *disturb our neighbours*—and I get severely abused.

In short, the remembrance of what I formerly *was*, and had I acted prudently, might *now* be, makes me think myself the most miserable of beings, and I most seriously solicit your advice how to shape my future conduct, which appears irretrievable from evil; and that you will by virtue of the office you have assumed, and the superior



abilities with which providence, and your own exertions have blessed you, warn my sex from too *rashly* entering into this should-be "happy state," and thereby avoiding the misfortunes of, dear sir, your afflicted LUCRETIA.

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Mr. Easy,

Among the many passions to which the human mind is subject, there is none more powerful and beneficial in its effects than *Love*. In its operation on man, like the other passions, it is in some measure modified and affected by the power of climate and the state of society. The Asiatic from the heat in the south and from the despotic sway to which he is subject, does not feel it so delicately and with such tenderness as the Italian; and he on the other hand, from the habits of his country and the profligacy of courts, as well as from being deprived of freedom, is not so susceptible of that passion as he would be, if his condition were ameliorated. The fierce savage when injured, burns with the desire of revenge, his heart is torn with the rage of internal passions and he is almost callous to the sentiments of humanity; but when addressed by *the being whom he adores*, suddenly his rage subsides, his features assume a more regular form, and his sanguinary appetites are subdued. Actuated by love, he will range the most dangerous forests, he will undergo the most painful fatigues; and in all those virtues and accomplishments which are admired by his countrymen he will endeavour to excel and will cheerfully sacrifice his life to merit the esteem of his mistress, or even to gain a single smile of approbation. But it is not among them that this passion exists in its most refined state. Among *us*, where beauty in the female sex is brought to a standard, where the passions are kept more under controul, and where our habits and sentiments are different from those of a savage and ferocious nation, the effects produced by love are less violent, but of more utility to man. Nurtured in the midst of a great people, his mind when it first unfolds possesses all the advantages of civilization; free from the fetters of oppression, it is enlarged and improved by literature, and is expanded by the genial influence of freedom. With these advantages the young American comes forward, and scarcely has he crossed the threshold of maturity, when he experiences the passion of love—a passion which is the offspring and inseparable concomitant of virtue. Without having any romantic sentiments, I think, I may affirm, this is a sure test of a good heart. A wild, profligate and vicious man, may feel that sensation which is *by some* styled love, but he is incapable of experiencing *real love*. His is of the licentious sort, which, when con-

trasted with that of a virtuous man, is like tinsel compared with gold. The base and useless ornament may shine for a moment, but is quickly tarnished, while the solid and substantial metal retains its splendor, remains uncorrupted and sustains the attacks of time. *True and genuine love* preserves the morals and cherishes amiable sentiments. The pleasing melancholy which it promotes, prepares the soul for the exercise of benevolence and humanity; it soothes misfortune, it corrects the roughness of the manners, and softens the most violent passions.—Generosity and all the nobler virtues are its companions, and few have not felt its effects. The humblest cottager and the proudest monarch, bow alike to the God of Love. Cæsar and Alexander, Scipio and Adolphus, whom no force could resist, who conquered nations and to whom sovereigns submitted, were themselves subdued by love. Under such circumstances, may we not justly conclude, that "of all the blessings which heaven could bestow, *woman, fair woman*, is the choicest."

PALÆMON.

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My Dear Cousin Billy,

How could you be so silly, to write to sister Ellen, and in your letter be telling about your sweet Eliza? I thought you had been wiser. And then to go to say that she's as sweet as May—O Billy, fie for shame! I certainly do blame you for your lack of knowledge; you who have been to college; you who appear'd so zealous for her heart, have made her jealous. And then to mention Mary—why how very contrary; for by all your former vows, Ellen thought to be your spouse. I told her you were funning, and then she set off running; and as true as I'm a sinner she would not eat her dinner. Says I, sister, I suppose, that if he'd written prose, you would have liked his letter a great deal better. I said that I was thinking that Billy had been drinking some of "Generoso's" wine, as he'd been there to dine; and as he wrote in rhyme, that he might make it chime he took a poet's licence, he was going to try, to write like Mr. Cowper. So then we went to supper, and there she talk'd and smil'd, and, I thought, seem'd reconcil'd. But my dear cousin Billy, do not be so silly to write in rhymes again, for the devil's in your pen.

Well early next morning before chickabiddy's warning, it came into my head, as we lay warm in bed, to talk of your sonnet, and the *light* I threw on it; and as we lay chatting, she began to quote latin, and said "*sit lux et lux fuit*," but declared she'd make you rue it. So now, my cousin Billy, having nothing more to tell ye, with good wishes not a few I bid you adieu.

AMY.



## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

LEANDER, as was suspected, was but bantering in his last private note to the Editor. We are indeed much indebted to this valued friend and correspondent for his last rich present. As much as a Baltimore Epicure might and would exult on being presented with a *brace of canvas-backs*, our joy is far greater in having received from the GAY of the Companion this loving "pair of pigeons."

THE BY-STANDER. Whilst many votaries to Fashion, Vice, and Folly, infest our large towns and derogate from the splendour and dignity of the American character; we are proud to claim as kinsmen the worthy triumvirate, whose promised productions will in future grace the pages of the Companion under this head. The traitorous triumvirate of Rome destroyed the liberty of their country; may these, with true Columbian virtue, add glory to ours.

THE CENSOR. We are much pleased with this specimen: And can safely trust to the honour of this gentleman, and "his friend," who, knowing there is no Senate at our back, would not draw a Mob round our house. The gentleman who has obligingly offered to accept this office is hereby invested with all the powers and privileges, (the immunities his own conscience will award, if he properly and humanely performs his duty) thereto attached under our government; and he is authorized and required to keep diligent watch over the morals of the city, especially discouraging, as far as in his power, the criminal and debasing vices of GAMING and SLANDERING. Having been informed that several persons find fault with any one who mentions the Companion in company, alledging that the dulness of literary or moral subjects ought not to be substituted for the delightful and enlivening topicks of parties, dress, and neighbours' imperfections; it is our wish (that the "Censor" find out the offenders, and report accordingly, that the evil may not extend itself beyond the *very limited circle* in which it now prevails.

J. SOFTEAD's defence of the Softhead family shall appear.

ZOPHYRUS is under consideration.

We have been politely furnished, by a gentleman whose friendship and zeal deserves our best thanks, with the first of a series of original letters; but are unable at this time to reply definitively to his proposal.

We are forced to refuse the seeming reasonable request of a valuable correspondent and an "old friend." His eulogium is well meant and highly deserved by the deceased; but the precedent would cause us endless difficulty. We rely on the friendship and candour of our friend, and

are confident he will excuse us for this omission, when he reflects, that many would follow on, led by his example. We will dispose of his favour as our correspondent may direct.

BOB JOSTLE is received.

We are sometimes persuaded by our great zeal for the improvement of young writers, to lay before our readers essays which could not from any other consideration be preserved from our indignant fire, which rages at our withholding that which it justly merits; but indeed we cannot save such pieces as the one now before us, signed "JACKY."

The person from whom, some weeks since, we received an essay, has applied to himself part of our last note to "Corrector." The correspondent of whom we speak, and who shall be here nameless (from motives of "charity," as he was himself in error) must acknowledge that he most violently wrested from its proper place the *supposed* hint conveyed to our friend "Corrector." Our nameless complainant is informed that his piece was very acceptable, and that we never entertained the *slightest* opinion of its being at all connected with "private slander or what you please:" could we have thought thus of "*him*," our strongest language would, without disguise or hesitation, soon have informed him. But the *whole case* fully explains itself.

In order to convince the complainant that the *delay* was no proof of our "*coquetry*," we have made several calculations since the reception of his note. We have interrogated the printers, (separately, lest they should unite to deceive us) who declare, with a warmth of expression and gravity of countenance that compel our assent to their testimony, *that more than EIGHT QUARTO pages cannot be placed on one sheet*. Now if we credit the assertion of the printers, (who should know) when they assure us that more than eight pages will not "come in," as they term it; and if we have matter on hand at one time sufficient to fill twenty—how, we would ask the *complainant*, can we issue it all in one week, and issue but one sheet?

To be serious and plain, with this gentleman, we inform him; that however high in literary respectability any writer may stand, still the sentence of the Editor\* is imperative; he knows no superior, nor will he ever be influenced by the dictatorial language of any person who may be pleased to write for this paper. This cannot be deemed an innovation, by those who will be at the trouble of turning to the original prospectus, where it is expressly stipulated that the "*why and wherefore*" rest with us.

\* See Prospectus, prefixed to the first volume.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Many a neglected son and daughter of Genius pass through the world without leaving a trace behind them. The constant occurrence of this lamentable fact, has two causes : one is, an insurmountable diffidence in the person, which excludes all chance of improvement in composition ; the other, the want of professed literary papers in many parts, wherein youth, shielded by the ægis of fictitious names, might fight their way to the Temple of Fame. A modest diffidence, amiable, because not unconquerable, has for some time restrained the efforts of a young lady whose taste for polite literature, is evinced in the following pastoral. Now that she has broken the charm of virgin bashfulness, with no small degree of confidence and pleasure we anticipate many fine flowers from her hand.*

## A PASTORAL.

AMINTA one morning in May  
Arose with the rise of the dawn,  
And thus artlessly chaunted her lay  
As she thoughtfully travers'd the lawn.  
How gloomy those woodbines appear,  
How mournful yon thrush on the bough,  
Her notes were once sweet to my ear,  
But how changed, ah ! they're sorrowful now.

No pleasure the flowrets impart,  
No pleasure the breezes of spring ;  
Their comforts are left on the heart  
Which the pains of ingratitude wring.  
LORENZO, an honest young swain,  
Once modestly proffer'd his love,  
And strove my affections to gain  
By each art which the virtuous approve.

He said that he lov'd me so well  
He could live in a cottage with me,  
And think himself bless'd in his cell  
More highly than monarchs could be.  
Tho' their palaces riches contain,  
And each dainty their tables afford ;  
Yet luxury's followed by pain ;  
I scorn the superfluous hoard.

For happiness cannot be bought ;  
'Tis a blessing no grandeur can give ;  
But will always be found in the cot  
Where truth and sincerity live.  
Aminta, this cot may be thine,  
I'll erect it in yonder green shade,  
Where lilachs and roses combine  
To scent with sweet odour's the glade.

You may plant it, as fancy may lead,  
And I will that fancy improve ;  
For this cause—it no other can need—  
'Tis a fancy which pleases my love.  
We'll rise at the dawn of the morn,  
When the songsters first wake on the spray,  
Our flocks to attend on the lawn  
And be cheerful and happy as they.

When our sheep have their hunger allay'd  
And are scorch'd by the sun-beams of noon,  
We'll repair to some far distant shade  
And seat ourselves peacefully down.  
And a crown of sweet flowers I'll weave,  
My lovely Aminta, for thee,  
With which thy fair temples I'll wreath ;  
Oh ! Heaven's, how happy we'll be !

At eve to our cot we'll repair  
And safe having folded our sheep,  
We'll lay us down free from all care  
And let Nightingales sing us to sleep.  
If the rich to our mansion should come,  
Who are happy and proud of their lot,  
They, struck with amazement, will say,  
We envy the bliss of your cot.

Thus my shepherd his heart did unfold.  
He'd a heart as unsull'd as snow ;  
But unhappily mine was as cold,  
For I carelessly answered him—*no*.  
He left me with grief on his brow.  
His last look set my soul on the rack ;  
And though I said, carelessly, go,  
Yet my heart said in secret—*come back*.

But he's gone to some far distant plain,  
And with him my pleasures are flown ;  
I do nought but lament my lost swain,  
Every morn, as I wander alone.  
Had I known that I lov'd him so well  
I'd ne'er have said carelessly *no*,  
Nor had cause thus with sorrow to tell  
That I'd forced my fond shepherd to go.

Thus in sorrow lamented the maid,  
Nor dream'd that her shepherd was near ;  
But the you h lay conceal'd in a glade,  
Transported her musick to hear.  
He suddenly rush'd from his stand,  
Quick terror Aminta alarms ;  
But eagerly grasping her hand,  
She gently reclin'd in his arms.

Dear nymph, put an end to your care,  
In rapturous transports he cry'd :  
This day to the church we'll repair,  
Where I'll joyfully make you my bride.  
She could not say carelessly—*no* ;  
But obligingly answered him—*yes*  
Then they mutually plighted a vow,  
And the bargain they seal'd with a—kiss.

—EMILY.—

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